

Sometimes it's all about you  
Sometimes it's all about me  
And everything that we see  
Is what we want it to be  
If it's all a theory  
Can you tell me clearly  
What it is exactly  
That you still won't tell me  
What I need is a story  
Even if it's just a story  
What a way, what a day  
To walk away  
What a way, what a day  
To walk away  
I stood waiting for it  
For an end I almost knew  
Counting every moment  
Isn't patience a virtue?  
But if I held my breath  
I would've fainted so fast  
If I crossed my fingers  
It'd be too long to hold back  
There was the slide that I saw  
A love without any flaws  
But there is no such thing  
It's a gold you can't touch  
I'll stay waiting for it  
I'll put all my time on break  
Until I see the full page  
Any answer come my way